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—Wood Cut by Lillian Rhodes.

THE ROAD TO SPRING

The Trend of Modern Drama

IT is the purpose of modern drama to help us to understand and to interpret life rather than to try to escape from it. Drama is becoming more realistic. Dramatists have stopped centering their plots around kings, queens, and people of the higher class. They are now writing about the middle class so that the drama will make a greater appeal to a larger number of people. Mr. Shaw was one of the first dramatists to do away with the heroine of the Elizabethan period—the roseate type of charming girlhood—and to give in her place a more modern and human character.

The modern drama is not so spectacular and pageant-like as it was in the Elizabethan Age. Now we have a more intimate drama performed in the smaller theatres, with fewer characters and less splendor. More often there is one central plot, without a subplot, and everything is centered on the development of that one plot. Ibsen, in the matter of technique, marks the turning point of the European drama. He is known also for the naturalness of dialogue, and adherence to the unity of time and place.

There is less beauty of lines in the modern plays. The dialogue is straight and to the point. An entire performance takes about two and a half hours, so it is necessary to have every speech directly to the point so that the characters will become human to the audience. Eugene O'Neil in "The Great God Brown" and "Strange Interlude" has again brought into drama the soliloquy. In this way the plot is fully developed and satisfactorily finished by the end of the performance.

The subject matter of modern drama has changed from a historical background to a discussion of modern political, social and religious problems.

V. G., '30

Ancient Heritage

(The Legend of Hadley Manor, near Alexandria, Virginia)

IN a secret room on the old Hadley estate near Alexandria, yet far removed from the old Manor itself, there were found the bones of four people. There was found also an old ebony cane with a serpent's head carved at the top—the serpent's eyes formed of blood-red rubies; some buttons from a British uniform; and a lady's ring delicately carved. The place was so well hidden that not until a few years ago was it found.

The Scene—A bare room with high barred windows right and left, through which the purple waning light of day gleams eerily. Two flickering candles in brass brackets impart to the room a gloomy, unearthly look. Sitting under the candles, against the wall, we see a noble looking officer of the British army, his handsome features ghostly in the candle light. He is dressed in full uniform and his hat is grasped rigidly in his hand. He stares straight ahead; and in agonized voice he mutters.

Captain George Urland:

There is a league of soldiers
Whose power
Could ruin all this, and set me free;
And kill Monsieur Laure and
His idiot son.
What right had they to drug me,
To drag me through those passages
Filled with grime?
Why should I not wish to take Marie
Away from here?
Monsieur Laure—
With his fish green eyes
Will crush his daughter into mist.

Even now those beloved eyes of hers
Are clouded with unnamed sorrow
And Jean—
That half wit brother
Will crush her cruelly with his ruined mind;
That mind that ranked so high
When he and I
At Oxford studied.
Then they were my dearest friends:
And now,
What have they in store for me:
How will they wreak revenge on me?

His reminiscences bring energy to him, and he paces up and down the narrow room. Dusk had deepened into night and now only the candles burn. He is chilled by the night air that comes through the barred windows.

Slow steady steps are heard approaching. The door is unbarred and in comes Jean. He is rather short, with black hair, and wildly wandering brown eyes. He is dressed in an old dressing gown which is very bright, having a profusion of red. It makes him look demon-like, the more so because of his restless movements of head and arms, and his queer, slow, steady walk.

Jean:

Ah! George you were so clever,
But now, I am more clever and learned
Than even the great men,
Those men of ancient Greece and Rome.
I know now the mysteries of the sky,
The earth, the depths of the world!
Because I am so learned.
You fools!
You call me crazy!
Hell to you!
These people who delve no deeper

Than the conventional
Go thence
To scorch and sear under the
Hot, burning forks of the
Demons!

He laughs dreadfully, and paces up and down. George has been brooding, questioning not; fearing the insane one.

George:

Come, Jean, remember the fun,
The jolly times we used to have
Together.
I am not of superior mind,
And you were always so.
But come!
My army is outside waiting
To protect you from the Indians
Do let me go to them and carry on
My work that is for your welfare!

(He approaches Jean with the desire to strangle him, but the fiery eyes of the insane one cower him)

Damn your eyes,
You are so cunning—
But . . .
I'll see you hanging
On a barren hill ere long
And carrion-crows shall pick
Your bones.
I'm going crazy too!

He laughs wildly. Jean chuckles. The two laughs mingle uncannily. Down the passage, steps are heard approaching. They are those of a young girl and an old man, light tripping steps and dragging steps that hint of rheumatism and gout. Marie and Monsieur Laure enter. Marie is a beautiful girl with blue-black hair, straight, with a low knot at the nape of her neck. She wears a jade green dress, of that period, with a jade necklace and ear-

rings, and a delicately carved ring. Her face is tragic. The large brown eyes, gardenia-white skin, and sensitive if rather large mouth, give her a beautiful sad appearance, under the flickering candles. Monsieur Laure is an old man with white hair and peculiar sea-green eyes that shift perpetually. He is dressed in staid black, with lace collars and cuffs. He carries an ebony cane, with the carved head of a serpent at the top. The eyes of this serpent's head are blood-red rubies that gleam even in the candle light.

Marie:

George, I can but say
I am sorry
That I have plunged you
Into their hell, too!
They have lost their souls
And I feel
That I too am losing mine!

Monsieur Laure:

Hush, hush, my child,
He is our guest of honor;
We cannot speak thus.
We, the Laures of Soissons,
In France entertained royally,
And here in Virginia
We must do likewise.

He winks at Jean and they both laugh slyly. Marie and George look broodingly at the floor; neither deigns to break the painful silence. They know not just what to expect, and they fear for each other.

George (desperately in a low tone to Marie):

Jean (leeringly interrupting)
As the moonlight and stars stir lovers
To tread beyond to paradise,
So has an ancient heritage

Entranced us in its magic charm.

Marie:

It were best if we had never met,
George, cher, for this is true.
A madness creeps through all—
Even the rooms are mad;
This cell, here, is insane,
Daft!
With their sublime cruelty
They wear my soul cells away
They strip from me all love of them,
They take my hopes, faiths, dreams away,
And give me only
Madness!

Monsieur Laure:

Tish! tish! my children
How you do scrap and fuss!
Your seriousness and spite
Is amusing in my old eyes.
We must allow that George is tired;
We must give him a long, long rest;
Perhaps the pleasure of eternities!

George:

Damn your slyness, and your tricks!
Marie and I shall leave tonight;
Your bodies
Dead or alive
Shall not bar the way.

Jean:

Ah ha! So you think Marie
Our sweet Marie shall make you a good wife!
Why, ere the year goes round again
She shall be catching soft, fluffy chicks
And with eyes glazed with cruel joy

Shall pick their feathers and skin
To hear their piteous chirps.

Marie (mourning):

Alas!
What brought me here to earth
To be thus
A wolf in masquerade,
A she-wolf in the body of a lady!
If death could but ope the way
To God
He can but hear my cries.

A gust of wind sweeps down the passage; the huge door closes with a crash. They are imprisoned. Jean and Monsieur Laure rush to the door; claw at it fiercely, but vainly. It is a secret door and passage; they are lost to the world. Marie and George accept their fate with joyous faces; they are together.
He stares at the candles; they are almost burned out.

George:

Dearest, tonight, and until we die
And after that
I shall be with you.
Heaven has no madness.
We shall be happy, always, together

Jean (fiercely):

In this hell-hole
Lost!
For no one knows this place
These barred windows are never seen
Accursed place—
Accursed all!
I am lost forever from the world
It shall never know my greatness!

Monsieur Laure:

This is indeed a glorious tragedy.
I am old, and life is ebbing.
What a perfect setting!
What an enjoyable scene!
I can see them die o
Of hunger,
Of thirst,
Jean with madness,
They with their joy.

He stares at the candles; they are almost burned out.

Marie (musingly):

Life ends as it began
Within the hands of God.
We call it fate and circumstance,
Yet little realize that He is both
And infinite worlds besides.
We are so happy,
You and I,
While they, poor souls, are steeped in demon blood.
Give me but a kiss from your lips,
And suffering shall be paradise.

George:

I love you, Marie, for always.

Marie:

. . . . Always, dear.

Jean's laugh comes from a a far corner where he is hunched on the ground. He seems as though in a stupor. The candles splutter, go out, and all is dark.

Katharine Schroeder, '31

Mary's Bob

FUNNY how people—." The girl's voice trailed off as she pursued her own thoughts.

"How people what, Betty?" lazily questioned her companion, squinting up at the girl from her sprawling position on the sand.

Betty, knees under chin, her five feet of compactness screwed up in a knot tied by her shapely arms, continued to stare out over the heads of the loungers on the beach, out over the bay with its buoys, cobalt blue threaded with scarlet beads, to the far faint line where the intense blue of the bay met and merged into the equally intense blue of a June sky. Her friend stirred impatiently and Betty turned to her with a quick little smile of pardon.

"— act," she answered disjointedly.

"Oh, glory," breathed the other, "give us a rest. Can't you think of something cheerful once in a while? What's Jerry been doing now?" she probed.

Betty's tanned cheeks flushed as she flung back a quick "Nothing, Mary," and then repeated, "It is funny how people act. If you could have lived here, as I have, for the last five years, you'd see some of the queer 'ins and outs' of human nature, if you had cared to notice," she prodded gently. "A beach is a queer place for that anyway," she continued. "I think sometimes that people leave more than their clothes in the bath house lockers when they come to the beach.

"What, for instance?" interrupted her friend, curious to find out the girl's thoughts.

"Their manners and polite reticences. They seem to discard the decencies—." Betty's mouth closed abruptly.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Mary exploded. "Quit carrying the burdens of a sinful world on your young shoulders," she sneered. "All you do is sit and mope about us

younger generation. Go swim it off and bring the tide in when you come back."

Mary raised herself on her elbows and gazed with disgust at the streak of gray slippery clay that showed where the ripples whispered at low-water mark.

"Oh, I don't know," laughed Betty, throwing off her serious mood. She took her friend's bad temper lightly. "You'll have to find some one a wee bit fatter than I to bring that tide in."

As she rose, slipping on her cap, one realized the good humor of her last remark. She was no more than five feet at the most, but that five feet might have been fashioned by a master sculptor. Her body, outlined to perfection by a scanty clinging bathing suit of deep green, revealed a well-proportioned torso, tapering down to slim brown legs only a trifle too well muscled. Her capable looking shoulders, which concurred in their slight overdevelopment of muscle with her legs, supported a head topped by a tousled mass of red hair; that flaming color that prompts mean little boys to yell, "Carrot top" and "Fire," and precipitates heated encounters beyond a mother's sight—and reach. Brown eyes, wide set, humanly warm and intelligent, looked out frankly and courageously from a small face, noticeable for its lack of conformity to any standards of regularlarity. Yet the combination of ill-assorted features was by no means unpleasant; rather the composite whole displayed a sympathy and understanding oddly at variance with the almost childish figure.

As Betty ran down to the water's edge, Mary watched her with a feeling of envy caused by the girl's slimness and absence of all signs of consciousness of the others on the beach. For Mary was not the only one who watched her. More than one pair of broad shoulders shifted to bring into view the child-like bather as she daintily picked her way over the clay bed, her arms gracefully poised to keep

her balance. Mary grunted and rolled over on her side, viewing the beach from under languid lids. Suddenly she dove hurriedly into a pocket of her beach jacket, extracted a compact, cast a quick look into the mirror that reassured her, and then settled back with an air even more languid than previously. Yet her eyelids did not completely conceal a look of shrewdness that crept into the hard blue eyes.

Strolling along the beach towards Mary came a man, who, to the girl's shrewd eyes, presented an opportunity to be taken advantage of. Mary had always heard about Opportunity; that it knocked but once. She had improved on that old adage in her own way; she left the door open. Mary noticed, however, that this man was watching her friend even more intently than the other bathers. Betty, her black cap a mere speck on the blue expanse of bay, was diving, turning somersaults, and having such a glorious frolic all by herself that the spectators unconsciously smiled their echo of her delight. But Mary watched the new arrival.

The man turned slowly and deliberately surveyed the loiterers on the beach. Mary felt his eyes find her and rest a moment, then continue their appraisal of the remainder of the people. She caught her breath sharply with disappointment. Then she relaxed in lazy triumph. The man was coming towards her. If she had been impressed with the newcomer's forceful carriage, she now had a chance to study his face and find in it the same determined resolution and consciousness of power that she had sensed in his walk.

He paused beside Betty's white sweater, where it had been flung on the sand, looking down at it thoughtfully for a moment; then deliberately raised his eyes to Mary's. Mary flushed under the calm stare that, barely escaping rudeness, rested upon her.

"May I sit here?" he asked, and Mary, still wordless

from the extreme unconventionality of his attack, silently indicated a place at her side. She waited for him to speak, her usual aimless chatter failing her before the serenity of the man's pose. Why, thought Mary, he acts as if he knew all the time that he could succeed. She did not like the reins of any situation taken from her grasp as if she were an incompetent child.

She dismissed her aggrieved thoughts as the man began to speak.

"Of course the suddenness of it all demands some explanation," he began.

Mary felt that the explanation would consist of only those things which he thought she should have; a dose of medicine, so to speak. He was explaining his first remark.

"My name, if you care to know, is Robert Gerard Northrop."

Mary mentally gasped at her good fortune. Robert Northrop, Junior, heir to an immense fortune in steel, or was it lumber? Mary couldn't remember at the moment.

"— down here for a few weeks of holidays," he was saying as she recovered her scattered thoughts. "I happened to see you sitting here and I wanted to meet you. If anything, I'm very unconventional. I don't like to waste time on some of the so-called 'polite' formulas. They're unnecessary at times."

He frowned at his last words, seeming to find some inner thought distasteful. He lapsed into a brooding silence, watching a black cap sporting in the water, and Mary had to be content with his "explanation." She found it satisfied her. Biting her lower lip, she scrutinized him out of the corner of her eye. He couldn't be more than twenty-eight at the most; she made a shrewd guess—about twenty-five. Business and the management of his share of the fortune for the last four years had given him a more settled and more determinedly aggressive bearing than most men of his age. Well, she was Betty's age; only two

years younger than he. She noticed the pleasing profile, set off to advantage by the profusion of dark curls that fell forward on his forehead. Oh, his eyes were blue. Irish. Mary felt better, for her observations had carried her as far as his mouth and chin, and the determined character of both daunted her somewhat.

She cast about in her mind for something to say that would break the silence but, for once, she realized the trivial nature of her conversational powers. It would be serving custard to the king of beasts. As if to save her from a situation, rapidly becoming more awkward, Betty came from the water, stripping her cap from her head as she approached, and shaking her head like a little water spaniel.

"Betty, I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Northrop. Mr. Northrop, this is Betty Lancaster."

Preoccupied with her effort at naturalness, Mary dashed off some stereotyped phrases, failing to notice the tableau before her. The girl's stillness was electric; the man's composure admirable. Betty's lashes veiled her thoughts from the man and when she looked at him again she did not try to avoid his direct gaze but looked back with courage and something of defiance. The tableau dissolved. She composedly offered her hand with a conventional murmur and he grasped it for a second, his serenity undisturbed.

"Mr. Northrop," Mary's babyish voice broke in, "do you think you'll like Silver Beach? Or perhaps you've been here before?" She faced him with a semblance of polite interest, meanwhile wondering what would be his next move in the game. He smiled inwardly at her clumsy effort, and for her satisfaction, rose to her lead with all the appearances of a nicely landed fish.

"No, I'm sorry to say, I've never been here before. My one regret is that I didn't come sooner for then you —I—." He watched her eyes light with pleasure as he left his

sentence half-finished. "But perhaps you could suggest something interesting to do? What ought a newcomer to see, Miss Lancaster?" he asked, with an attempt to bring the other girl into the conversation. Betty broke the thread of her thoughts and smiled faintly in his direction.

"Oh, I don't know. There are so many interesting places: the Casino, the Pier Club—." Her voice ceased from lack of interest. She did not care to enter into any plans then. Anyway, she thought, Mary was doing enough for two.

The sun began to paint gorgeous, splashing canvases in the west and Betty grew restless. It was quite dark, however, before Mary had recovered sufficiently to think about the time. Then they exchanged hurried farewells and the two girls set out down the beach to the little shore cottage in which they played at housekeeping. The man remained standing for some time after they had left him, watching their retreating figures with a frown on his lips. It was if he demanded of the girl's back, "What am I going to do with you?"

The next day he was on the beach before them. When they arrived, Mary, her face flushed from the walk under the hot sun, commandeered someone's beach umbrella, and stretched out lazily in the sand, idly flinging bits of banter across the dividing umbrella staff to the man. Betty, however, merely waved a hand to the pair and dashed for the water. After recovering from the initial shock of seeing her emerge unharmed, after diving from the shore into barely two feet of water, the spectators amused themselves by watching her antics.

Northrop had begun to move restlessly under the strain of Mary's conversation before Betty finally decided to rejoin her friend. Then it was only to announce that her swim had tired her more than usual and that she was going home. To both Mary's half-hearted protest and Northrop's offer of escort, she replied only vaguely, and leaving

them, started briskly down the beach.

"Betty, what in the world has got into you lately?" demanded Mary. "You needn't look vexed, either," she said sharply as she noticed Betty's averted head. "You haven't been on the beach for more than a week now; not since the day Bob—er—Mr. Northrop—" she corrected herself hastily at her friend's quick look. "Well, anyway, Betty, it's not like you, you must admit. You run off early each morning for your swim, but you won't go near the beach for the rest of the day. And I know you haven't all the work you pretend you have to do around the house. Bob asked yesterday what had become of you. I told him I didn't know except that you had expected Jerry to come down this week."

"You told him that?" cried Betty.

"Why, what harm was there is that?" Mary asked, disconcerted at her chum's very evident annoyance. "We were just planning some parties and Bob wanted to know if it would be possible to get a partner for you. That's how I came to speak about Jerry."

"Oh, well, never mind," murmured Betty; "you didn't mean any harm so I suppose it's all right." She picked up the nail buffer from where she had flung it on the dressing table when the conversation began, and busied herself again. She failed to notice the dangerous polish her excess energy was accomplishing.

"By the way, what kind of parties were you planning?" she questioned. "I could get Dick Long, if you and Mr. Northrop insist on a foursome."

"Oh. we weren't very definite because we didn't know whether we could count on you, but we were thinking of dinner and a few dances at the Pier Club. They have a good orchestra there, better than at the Casino, at any rate, and then too, it's more exclusive." Mary rattled on while Betty half-closed her eyes in speculative thought. "We really want to go tonight, Betty," Mary continued,

turning a questioning gaze on her friend. "I'll call up Dick for you if you want me to. He's always free for a dance."

Betty just shrugged her shoulders as she rose from the bench in front of the dressing table and moved towards the closet.

"Oh, I don't know. Suit yourself. Er—what dress ought I to wear, Mary?"

But Mary had already hurried from the room and in a few minutes Betty could hear honey-sweet tones being produced for Dick Long at the other end of the wire. Betty's mouth curved into a wide grin of secret mirth as her thoughts flew ahead to the evening arrangements.

She was still smiling faintly as Northrop's roadster maneuvered for a parking space as near as possible to the popular Pier Club. She had listened politely enough, on the short drive from Dick Long's home, where he had been picked up, to the clever chit-chat of the other members of the party and she had furnished sufficient retorts to escape prying attention if her musings had been observed. More than that Betty was not prepared to do.

Waves of sound and color drowned all conversation and thought, as they entered the big center doors of the Club and threaded their way slowly through a maze of tables to the corner table reserved by Northrop the day before. Betty sat very straight in her chair, a cold light flickering in her scornful eyes as she watched the feverish excitement and hectic search for fun that engrossed the other patrons. How stupid they all were. Even Mary had become infected. Betty eyed her chum with disapproval as she flirted outrageously with Dick, shrieking with laughter at his most banal remarks as unreservedly as at his infrequent witty expressions. And, thought Betty, it's only for Northrop's benefit and he's studying the menu. How ridiculous they all are. Betty's mind's eye pictured the night; a cool sweet breeze tinged with salt, and the ripples

of the bay turned into spangles under the June moon. She watched the dancers grow flushed and tired under the blazing hot lights as they struggled, on a closely packed floor, in imitation of distant barbaric ancestors. Was their "social" instinct so highly developed that they no longer could enjoy glorious nights in semi-solitude, but must herd together in stuffy rooms?

The next dance was a waltz, seemingly not very popular, and Betty drifted across a partially filled floor, following Dick's lead perfectly. Northrop's eyes lit with pleasure and pride as he noticed the many heads turned to watch the flower-like loveliness, fresh and cool, under the glaring lights.

"You two must dance this next one," cried Mary, as Dick prepared to carry her away again. "It's the newest Broadway hit. Plenty of pep."

"No, I think we'll rest," replied Northrop. "Don't you think that's best, Miss Lancaster?" he asked as the two dancers were swirled away in the crowd.

Betty's only answer was a slight nod as she averted her head and pretended to watch the dancers. Northrop undaunted, patiently waited until her eyes came back to his, meanwhile gazing at the tips of red curls that escaped from under the brim of a white hat.

Then he said, "Come, we've got to have this out, Betty."

"You mustn't call me that," answered the girl, dropping her eyes.

"I will call you Betty. Put that spoon down and listen to me," he interrupted himself sharply to say as she began to play with the silverware. "You can't treat me like this, Betty. I've come down here from New York to see you and try to explain and you avoid me and won't give me the chance to speak. I've always admired your fairness and now you're not playing the game."

The girl winced under the sting of his words.

"But, Jerry, when you've forfeited all rights to fair-

ness—what then?" Betty questioned bitterly.

"Betty, I—let's get out of here,'" he burst out.

"What about Mary? What will she think?" Betty, feeling herself yielding to the man's insistence, sparred for time, frantically digging up excuses to stay in the place from which she had longed to go only a few minutes before.

"Mary be hanged," laughed Jerry as he triumphantly piloted the girl to his car. "It's her own fault that she paid so little attention to the fact that my middle name is Jerry."

The two rode silently along the shore road. Betty had pulled off her hat and was leaning back against the cushions,enjoying to the fullest extent,the cooling fingers of the breeze as it ran through her hair. Northrop, paying scant attention to an almost deserted road, covertly watched his companion, relishing the picture that she made, the moon kindling hidden lights in her eyes.

A flip of the wheel and the car bumped slowly down a rutted road leading to the beach. Betty sat up as the motor died with a throaty chuckle. She turned to the man, preparing to speak, but the words died on her lips. She closed her eyes to the appeal of his.

"Betty, let's finish our conversation now."

"Go ahead." She hardened her heart to the softly appealing accents. "It isn't ours. You were doing most of the talking before," she replied.

"Won't you let me explain? You rushed away from New York, not waiting to hear my side. You're too stiff-necked," he accused.

"What about your pride?" Betty flung back.

"That's why I haven't come to you any sooner," he answered. "I love you, but I wouldn't let a little slip of a girl make me come begging." Betty smiled softly. "But you win. I won't be proud or bad-tempered with you any more. Please, dear, let's take up our plans where we left off."

"Oh, I don't know," murmured Betty as she turned towards him.

Isabel Macdonald, '29

Nothing Happened

THE rain rushed vehemently upon the world that morning; it trotted, it galloped, it raced through the gray, somber ether. The wind lashed it on to greater fury, and the brown earth was beaten down beneath its heavy trampling.

Malvina awoke,—and moaned in real anguish when she discovered the state of the elements.

"Oh," she cried, "Why can't I sleep forever, instead of waking to such a miserable world as this! Nothing but rain, and cold; school, teachers, lessons I haven't studied, and everything else horrible. Oh! Oh."

And she huddled in a depressed little ball under the blankets, and wished for warmth, sunshine, no school, etc.,—in other words, the millenium.

"Malvinia," called her mother from the foot of the stairs, "It's quarter to eight, and you have an eight-fifteen class. Father isn't here, so you'll have to walk! Better hurry!"

The girl emerged from the covers with a groan.

"Why does she rub it in?" she thought crossly. "I know I'll have to walk—and as for hurrying, what for? I don't want to go to school anyway!"

" 'Blue Monday,' as Miss Taylor would say," she muttered moodily, as she jerked the comb through her hair. "Ouch! Oh, you will, will you?" she viciously addressed the comb, and slamming it down, twisted up her hair without further delay.

What was wrong with the button-hook? Snap! Her slipper was buttonless. Rolling under the bed after the delinquent little knob, she bumped her head, and pulled down her hair in so doing.

"I'm not a man, but I'm going to swear now," she announced savagely. With mordant sarcasm, "Darn, darn, the darning needle that sewed this button on!"

With five minutes to spare, breakfastless, knowledgeless, and cross, Malvina came in sight of the college. Who was that pirouetting up to the main entrance, jumping cheerfully into the midst of each puddle, and seeming to thoroughly enjoy the splash she made? Joyce Randolph, of course! Crazy thing!

As Malvina approached, Joy looked up with a merry countenance. Her face was wet with rain; there were raindrops on her eye-lashes and her hair—for the umbrella she carried hanging upon her arm had evidently not been raised.

"It isn't raining rain to me!" quoted Joy merrily.

"Maybe not," responded Malvina severely, "but you're catching the flu from whatever it is."

"I guess I am," replied the other naively. "But if I had it, I could stay at home, and mother would bring me things to eat in the butterfly dishes! I'd like it," sweetly.

Malvina tossed her head and started up the walk, with Joy skipping in her train, singing the childish song: "The little raindrop soldiers are marching from the sky; In uniforms of silver, I see 'em marching by . . . ."

"The day was even worse than I thought it would be," Malvina said to herself that night. "Every class was boring to the *n*th degree, and I didn't know a thing! And song class! It's an utterly uncalled for institution in the school—arranged for the one and only purpose of tormenting freshmen.

. . . Seems to me a school as large as ours could afford a decent faculty . Miss Barnes wouldn't have called on me to read that sentence, except for the fact that she knew I was totally ignorant—as far as today's lesson was concerned. And of course Mlle. would ask me, of all people, to read that slippery old French poem! I didn't even know the name of it!

. . . People are so impertinent! That little girl with the grubby handful of wild violets—carrying 'em to Joyce

—put on a belligerent air just because I looked at 'er . . . Hardly anybody spoke to me today except to bawl me out—

. . . I'll never learn how to play bridge! And that horrible woman here this afternoon laughed at all my mistakes—called me "dearie," and "begged to correct" my "errors." Ugh! she shivered.

. . . Joy certainly had a good time today. But I wouldn't be like her for anything. She's three-fourths dumb and the other fourth awfully queer, a regular crazy-quilt of oddities . . .

. . . Awful day . . . Nothing happened!"

Nothing happened?

The first person Joy saw, after parting from Malvina, was Miss Emmie, the registrar. She greeted Joy cordially and asked her how she had come to school that morning.

"Oh, I paddled!" laughingly responded the girl, "Hear the funny sound in my shoes when I walk? They're wet! Isn't it a lovely day?"

Joy loved Miss Emmie. As she walked on down the hall, she remembered the time when she was only two years old, and Miss Emmie had let her carry a wonderful pink rose as big as she was all the way up the street. . . . And she wrote such lovely poetry . . .

In Latin class, the poem which they studied was "The Flirt" by Horace. Joyce was asked to translate the first sentence:

"What graceful boy, perfumed with essences,
Addresses you among the roses fair
In a beloved grotto, Pyrrha, dear?
For whom do you arrange your shining hair
In simple elegance? . . . "

And then Miss Barnes commented, in her quaint, winsome manner, on the flirts of all ages being exactly alike.

"But I didn't know there were any flirts at all, way

back yonder," said Joyce in an argumentive tone of voice.

"Oh! My!" cried a chorus of voices, and a discussion on flirts ensued, interspersed with lines from Horace to support the argument that flirts are as old as the world.

Joyce enjoyed Freshman Song Class that morning. She always did. Miss Taylor had such an inimitable style of flourishing her baton; it was fun to watch her. And she was always making bright remarks. For example,—when she told the sopranos and seconds to sing their parts together, and they, upon whom Freshman Song Class seemed to have a sporific effect, did not hear, Miss Taylor started singing alone. At the end of the phrase, she tapped her little stick against the desk.

"Come on, girls," she urged pithily, "I can't sing a duet all by myself!" And then she laughed merrily. Joyce liked for her to laugh. Her smile exactly matched her sun-burst hair.

It was after song class that Miss Taylor broke the end off her baton, and not during it, as she was several times tempted to do. The accident happened as she was going too rapidly around a corner. Joyce heard the snap of the wood, and rushed after her teacher with but one intent and purpose—to get that stick for her memory-book! (And she could secretly practice directing with it before she pasted it in.)

"Please," she begged earnestly, "And I'll print under it: Tap! Tap! Tap! Now, girls, I'm going to get cross in a minute'!"

She skipped off with her prize, trying not to look too elated.

"If Miss Taylor had been Lot's wife," she soliloquized, "she wouldn't have turned into a pillar of salt. It would have been sugar!"

Mlle. was different from anybody Joyce had ever seen. She had on an ultramarine dress that morning, and the girl compared her to vivid, slender blue flame, which

seemed to flicker or die out. She was so vivacious and energetic. Joyce admired the characteristic ardor with which she slammed the door everytime the worn-out fastening came undone. Her eyes sparkled with the brightness of her thoughts, and her diminutive little feet shod in blue, seemed to abound in salient life and emotion. It was Joyce's private opinion that she was cut out to be a French teacher. The language was just like her.

It was during lunch hour that Joyce went to carry her copy of the school-paper to one of her grown-up friends who had asked for it. Her "gym" teacher was going the same way, and Joyce walked with her. The girl enjoyed walking with her teacher, but she was unable to talk to her coherently, because of wondering whether her hair was real ,or whether it was that it looked like drifts of star-shine. And her eyes were like dewy violets. Joy thought that her way of walking was the incarnation of rythmn's loveliness. The topic of converation was how to stop at the bottom of a hill on rubber-tired roller skates, and the conclusion reached was that you didn't stop; or you stopped very suddenly; or perhaps you got killed if you didn't think quickly.

When she delivered the paper at its proper destination, her friend with fun and amusement in her eyes, said:

"Joy, I don't believe you're a very good Sunday school teacher, if I'm to judge by a story I heard." She laughed. "I won't keep you in suspense. Last night after Christian Endeavor, Dan, Dibby, and Sarah came home together. You know that's the time when all the dates from school are coming down the hill to church. Dan and Dibby amused themselves by rushing in between each couple! Of course Sarah was horrified. And Dan and Dibby took a penny, put it in a slot machine, and got out a stick of chewing gum on Sunday! Sarah wouldn't even go on the same side of the street with them. And I know it was their Christian Endeavor penny!"

Joyce threw back her head and burst into peals of laughter.

"I 'spose it's incidents like that, that led Sarah to confide in me the fact that 'Dibby's morals are awfully weak; everything catches her attraction'! Thank you for telling me."

As she passed the front steps of Elly-Anna's house, Elly-Anna herself came out, and cautiously began to descend the wet, slippery steps.

"You remind me of Milton's 'tripping on the light, fantastic toe'!" Joy called up to her friend, who was only fifty pounds over-weight.

"Shut up," commanded the other. "I'll become quite sylph-like if I have to climb and descend these steps many more times!"

When she had landed safely on terra firma, the girls pursued their way to the college.

"I'm a possessor of untold wealth," announced Elly-Anna calmly.

"Yes?" with a tinge of sarcasm.

Elly-Anna held up a quarter.

"I thought you were broke."

"I was, but I found this on the floor in Daddy's study."

"I shouldn't call a quarter 'untold wealth'," scornfully.

"Well, it is; because I haven't told anybody about it," in a succint manner.

"You've told me," argumentatively.

Loftily. "You don't count—let's get something to eat."

"Oh, aren't you on a diet any more?" innocently.

"No!"

After Elly-Anna had gone to chemistry, Joyce went to the library to correct English papers for Miss Robinson. It was rather a distracting process, however, because her eyes would wander, like the pendulum of a clock, from the auburn head of a girl in one corner, to the dusky-haired girl in the other, a Senior and a Junior—two ideals of hers,

and very literary personages.

With the corrected papers in her hand, she went to Miss Robinson's office. She could tell that she was in by looking through the crinkly glass. If there was a blue spot near the desk, that was Miss Robinson, because she wore blue dresses.

They talked about different things and people. Once Miss Robinson took her by the shoulders and looked straight into her eyes, and, as Joyce expressed it to her mother afterwards, "she let me get right under her glasses!"

Joyce was on her way home. She mailed a letter at the postoffice—for she was very "letter-ary"—; with the three cents left from the nickel, bought lolly-pops for her baby brother; and with the rest of her money got oranges for the Bradshaw baby, which she delivered before leaving town.

The rain was still pouring, not in the torrents of the morning, but sullenly and steadily.

"Just the proper atmosphere for thinking about Mohammedanism," said the girl to herself. This was the topic she was following through for history parallel, and the more she read and thought, the more her respect for the religion dwindled. She had just about reached the conclusion that she hoped her foreign mission work would be in a Moslem field—

"A cocoon!" she cried in surprise. "Right in the middle of the road. And it's very prob'ly one of the caterpillars I saved from being run over last fall." She lifted it tenderly and fastened it securely in a bush by the roadside.

She lifted her books to a more comfortable position, and changed the drooping little violets Sarah had brought her from one hand to the other. Sarah had brought them because they were her, Joy's favorite flower. She had grubbed them with her plump little fingers from all over

her yard . . .

Joy sat on the kitchen table swinging her legs, munching hot doughnuts, and regaling her mother with all the latest news. The six cats and the dog sat in a row and listened, too. She talked, what her brother called a "blue streak" until after dinner. So many things had happened.

After Family Altar was over, Joy studied her lessons, and then wrote in her diary all that she could possibly cram on one page. The rest had to be left out. At the top of the page she wrote her verse for the day from the Sermon on the Mount, beginning: "Ye are the salt of the earth"—She was trying to learn these three chapters, not only by memorizing one a day, but by doing one every day.

There was so much to be thankful for, Joy thought, as she knelt down to pray—so many people to ask God to bless,—and she always ended with this petition for herself:—to be Christlike, and to have a strong body, a big brain, a great soul—

"Everything happened today, she sighed happily, snuggling against the pillows, and listening to the rain—

Before she fell asleep, she thought irrelevantly:

"If I were the finest man in the world, I wonder which of my teachers I'd marry, if I could? I'd never be able to decide . . . "

Song

My dear, you have an April heart
  Because you love in the Spring;
That's why the flowers will bloom for you,
  And why the birds will sing.

The world will call you lovely,
  And blue will be the sky;
And everyone will love you—
  But none so much as I!

J. E. W., '29

Among Us Insects

IT was the usual kind of November morning; cold, bleak, and desolate. I had been lying half awake for some time, waiting for, yet dreading to hear, the 7:15 bell. Suddenly it shattered the stillness harshly and mercilessly and I reluctantly raised myself on my elbows and gazed sleepily across at my roommate.

"7:15," I yawned. "Gee, how I hate—" then I stopped, for suddenly my eyes beheld an astounding thing. There on the table beside me was my glass, half full of water, and clustered about it, rudely jostling one another in their attempt to scale its glassy heights, were a multitude of ants; copper-colored creatures, all murmuring incoherently of the busy world which went on about them.

They had finally decided to take the heights single file and, as they reached the edge of the glass, they would shout gleefully at seeing the edge of the glass, and would plunge in with utter abandonment.

After their ablutions they filed decorously up and out of the other side and from there made their way toward a half a roll lying several inches west of their bathing receptacle. Here another struggle ensued which was rather ruffling to the tempers of all concerned. While gazing at them in wonder, I heard them quarreling with one another.

"No, me first!" and a big, broad-shouldered, bronze, brute forged ahead of a more meek cousin.

"Ouch, my leg! Let go!" This from an ill-mannered citizen striving to gain the edge of the glass before his kinsmen.

As they drifted lazily about in the cool water, they seemed to ask nothing more from the gods than just to be left alone with their thoughts and dreams.

It was not until they reached their ultimate goal, the half of a roll, that their quarrels began to be of a more

serious nature.

"Now, look here," and an elderly gentleman intercepted an impudent youth who was rushing headlong into the most choice part of the roll. "This is my claim and what's more, no little upstart like you is going to jump it!"

With that he flung the unfortunate youth aside with such force that it sent him flying out into the wide open spaces of the region of the desk blotter.

"Woe is me!" he gasped, as he saw an enormous finger poised above him, and they were his last words.

Through many quarrels and struggles and narrow escapes they passed, until they finally assembled for their pilgrimmage to the Land of No One Knows Where, where I believe all of those varmints come from.

"How many casualties?" asked the captain of the second lieutenant.

"Fourteen, sir."

"Not as bad as yesterday, eh what?" And the little band continued its journey.

Kathlyn E. Johnson, '31

The Storm

The swift wind streaked across the blue
Through a silvery gale;
The high waves washed the rock-bound coast—
—A hopeless sea to sail,
The black sea slept above the woe
Of death and mutiny.
When out of the dawn came a ship—three masts
Sailing a lonely sea.

Night brought the hope of a crimson dawn
To the ship beat by the fray.
Dawn brought the coolness of the green,
Dawn brought another day.

Frances Willis, '29

Train-Kisses

A quiet woman in a wicker chair—
Three night-gowned little figures kneeling there,
Their childish voices murmuring a prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep"—
Dusky shadows 'round them creep.
Evening star looks in to see,
As they kneel at mother's knee.

When she tucks them into bed,
Gently smooths each tousled head,
Kisses them and says, "Good-bye,"
All together then they cry:
"I want a train-kiss, mother!"
'Course first she gives them to the other two;
(I'm oldest, so I wait 'till they are through).
And then she holds me to her loving breast,
While in the corner of my mouth are pressed
Her soft, warm lips,—oh, I do love her so!
She gives me muffled kisses in a row,
Train-kisses. And her voice's tender note!
Child as I am—a lump comes in my throat;
I swallow hard and say to her again
With pleading voice, the longing love-refrain,
"I want a train-kiss, mother!"

I'm seventeen, but some nights when it's time to go to bed,
And all the things I've learned that day play havoc in my head,
And I am, oh so tired!—then I tiptoe down the stair
Into the living-room, and when I find my mother there—
I kneel beside her, head upon her lap, to say my prayer . . .

I throw my arms about her and against her neck so fair
I press my burning cheek; I kiss the curl that nestles there

Ah, how I thank God for her! for I love her even more
Then when, as just a little child, I knelt there on the floor.

She kisses me, and holds me to her closely, yet again,—
While there comes back to my memory the loving child-refrain:
"I want a train-kiss, mother!"

She gives me muffled kisses in a row—
I love her so!
And I repeat again
The childish old refrain:
"I want a train-kiss, mother!"

Alice Harrison, '32

If Death Should Come for Me With Dusky Veils

If death should come for me with dusky veils
Before I see thy face or feel thy tears,
I will not go until the dark light pales
And in the dawn thy lovely face appears.
Yet, if e'en then thou dost not come to me,
I'll bid farewell, and take the veil from death;
I'll go with him, though longing still for thee,
For thou wast all my life, and yet my death;
Thy smile was e'er a lovely, glowing light,
Thine eyes, the stars that ilghtened up my way,
Without them all my life was as the night.
And now, 'tis for thy coming that I stay;
Come ,dear one, come, and with a smile—adieu—
For I must go, leaving my love with you.

C. B., '29

Young Moon

The Lady Moon goes veiled tonight,
In softest veils of shimmering light.
She has borrowed of the Milky Way,
As sleeping in its bed it lay!

Without my window a tall pine stands,
Weaving a frame of its painted hands;
But the Lady Moon walks the heaven serene,
Wearing the halo of a queen.

'Tis the young moon who coyly peeps
Upon the Old World as he sleeps,
Waiting for her wondrous dream—
When in full radiance, she shall gleam.

Frances Wilson, '30

Beside the Sea

Take me down to the lonely shore
Of the ever restless sea;
Take me where there are stretches of sand—
Where the sea gull calls to me.

Leave me alone near the rolling waves
That keep the white sand clean;
Leave me to watch the stars at night—
Their twins in the black sea seen.

Let me build my castle of dreams
There—close beside the sea—
I'll never be lonely in solitude
With God—beside the sea.

Martha von Schilling, '32

A Negro Serenade

De moon am shinin' bright tonight,
De stars, dey too gibs lots o' light.
Oh, Liza, do come out an' see
Dis gorgeous moon an' stars wif me.

De lightnin' bugs, de'll light de way;
Dos lil' bugs dat sleep all day.
Oh, Liza, do come spend de hours
Wif me among the springtime flowers.

My banjo'll tell de times we spent.
De frogs will gib de 'comp'niment.
Oh, Liza, please do come—don' wait—
'Cause w'en spring's gone 'twill be too late.

M. Frances Shepard, '30

Delirium

On a soft, pink cloud you came to me
And we rode in the skies of blue,
We danced for the moon and played with the stars,
And were happy all day through.
We rode the snowflakes almost to earth
And the sun brought us back on a ray—
We slid down the rainbow and played
In the sunset's tints at close of day.
We danced and played and sung
And dreamed in the skies above.
All the heavens were our playmates
In the dawn of our first love.

Kathleen Woodson, '30

Art Corner

Goya

RECENTLY the attention of the art world has been drawn to an old artist who is very modern. Last year the art lovers of Europe and America joined with Spain in honoring her greatest artist—Goya. Wherever a group of his paintings could be found both museums and private collectors held an exhibition.

Although Goya has often in the past been classified with the old school of Velasquez and Murillo, he is now hailed as the father of modern art and the first of the impressionists. It has been proved that the more recent and famous artists, Delacroix, Daumier, Maret, Whistler, and Sargent have felt his influence. Goya stands at the beginning of a period, being the instigator of much that was to dominate the century following.

Goya was born in Fuentedetodos in Aragon in 1746. He was of the lower class and the subjects which he chose for his first paintings and tapestries were of the common people.

Later he became the court painter and was lionized by all the Spanish nobility. He preferred social life to painting and turned to it only as a pasttime. The court tolerated his audacity and sarcasm, and one wonders why he was not beheaded for painting the royal family with such unflatering exactness. "The Family of Charles IV" is his masterpiece. It is a wonderful character portrayal and it is also notable for its beautiful coloring.

In Goya's paintings there is an air of mystery and penetration, and through them all is reflected the bitterness of his later years.

Another of his works, "An episode of the Napoleonic Wars," is horrible and sinister, yet teribly fascinating.

An eminent French critic made the statement that no other man has been able to gather in his field of art so many features of contemporary life.

Lillian Rhodes, '29

The Editor's Easy Chair

HE first edition of our new magazine has come from the press and has been received by the students with enthusiasm, the degree of which has varied according to the individual's interest in literary work and according to the individual's knowledge and appreciation of the aims of our new venture.

In our attempt to make The Voice a magazine "of the school, for the school, and by the school" we have made its scope wide enough to include all branches of literary effort. To the departments of Drama, Poetry and Prose we have added the Art Corner, which, we feel, will have a distinctive appeal to everyone. Under these various divisions will come the approved material of those students who have used their talents to the best purpose.

Since this publication belongs to the students and is made possible only by their cooperative effort, we look to the students to help fulfill the high standards we have set. We would have The Voice represent that higher type of literary appreciation which is in all of us. This may be achieved by a selection of the best, and since complete satisfaction is fatal, we must seek to improve upon what went before, to deepen, to widen and to enrich our work and its significance.

Always we must remember that The Voice is truly the voice of our College and we appeal to the students to make it worthwhile. We ask for your criticism, we seek your help, we need your cooperative support.